



THE ADVENTURES OF PROF. SANDY MAC TAFFY AND HIS AIRSHIP THE "THISTLE"



THE PROFESSOR HAS A HOT TIME ON THE PLANET MERCURY.

Miscellany Page.

ODE ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

By William Watson.

I.
Sire, we have looked on many and
mighty things
In these eight hundred summers of re-
nown
Since the Gold Dragon of the Wessex
Kings
On Hastings field went down;
And slowly in the ambience of this
crown
Have many crowns been gathered, till
today,
How many people crown thee, who
shall say?
Time, and the ocean, and some foster-
ing star,
In high cabal have made us what we
are,
Who stretch one hand to Huron's
bearded pines,
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder
lay,
And round the streaming of whose rai-
ment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray. . . .
So wide of girth, this little cirque of
gold,
So great we are, and old,
Proud from the ages are we come, O
King:
Proudly, as fits a nation that hath now
So many dawns and sunsets on her
brow,
This duteous heart we bring.

II.
The kings thy far forerunners; he that
came
And smote us into greatness; he whose
frame,
In dark omnipotence, and byed pride,
Towers above Conway's tide,
And where Carnarvon ponders on the
sea;
He, that adventurous name,
Who left at Agincourt the knightly
head
Of France and all its charging plumes
o'erthrown,
But hath with royal-hearted chivalry
In Shakespeare's conquest merged at
last his own;

And she, a queen, but fashioned king-
like, she
Before whose brows, before whose tem-
pests, fled
Spain on the ruining night precipitate-
ly;
And that worn face in camps and
councils bred,
The guest who brought us law and lib-
erty
Raised wellnigh from the dead;
Yea, she herself, in whose immediate
stead
Thou standest, in the shadow of her
soul;
Mix in thy pageant with phantasmal
tread?
(Here follows a description of London
"with rich appareling," when the "long
glories prance and triumph by;" then
comes the twilight when the river sends
his sigh "down leagues of hope and
fear, and pride and shame, and life and
death." The ode closes with a look into
the future.)
O doom of overlords! to decay
First at the heart, the eye scarce dim-
med at all;
Or perish of much cumber and array.
The blundering robe of empire, and its
pall;
Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton
prey,
Die of the poisons that most sweetly
slay;
Or, from insensate height,
With prodigies, with light
Of trailing anthers on the monstrous
night,
Magnificently fall.
Far off from her that bore us be that
fate,
And vain against her gate
Its knocking. But by chinks and cran-
nies, Death,
Forbid the doorways, oft-times entereth.
Let her drink deep of discontent, and
sow
Abroad the troubling knowledge. Let
her show
Whence glories come, and wherefore
glories go,
And what indeed are glories, unto these
"Twixt labor and the rest that is not
ease
Made blank and darksome; who have
hardly heard
Sound of her loftiest names, or any
word
Of all that hath in gold been said and
sung.
Since him of April heart and morning
tongue,
Her ageless singing-bird,
For now the day is unto them that
know,
And not henceforth she stumbles on the
prize;
And yonder march the nations full of
eyes,
Already is doom a-spinning, if unstirred

In leisure of ancient pathways she lose
touch
Of the hour, and overmuch
Recline upon achievement, and be slow
To take the world arriving, and forget
How perilous are the stature and port
that so
Invite the arrows, how unslumbering
all
The hates that watch and crawl.
Nor must she, like the others, yield up
yet
The generous dreams! but rather live
to be
Saluted in the hearts of men as she
Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea;
That greatly loving freedom loved to
free.
And was herself the bridal and embrace
Of strength and conquering grace.
—John Lane, Publisher.

FIRST, LEARN YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

Secretary of War Root was on his
way to Southampton recently, when a
farmer edged into the seat and began
telling the cabinet member how to run
the government.
When the citizen's supply of chit-
isms began to run low, Mr. Root
asked:
"What is your occupation?"
"Poultry farmer," was the reply.
"Do you know how many eggs each
of your hens lays?"
"Why, no," confessed the man.
"Well, the man who looks after my
chickens knows how much work each
hen does. If he didn't, I'd discharge
him for not knowing his business. If
a hen doesn't produce fifteen eggs a
month it's a loss to keep it. Now, my
friend, doesn't it strike you that after
you have learned your own business so
well that I can't give you points on
it, then would be the proper time for
you to come and teach me how the
government ought to be run?"—New
York Times.

This is the way a Missourian con-
fessed at a revival meeting, says John
McGonigle in the Ventura Democrat:
He was pressed hard to repent and
at last got up. "Dear friends," said
Bill, "I feel the spirit moving me to
talk and tell what a bad man I have
been, but I can't do it while the grand
jury is in session." The Lord will for-
give you," shouted the preacher. "I
guess that's all right," said Bill, "but
He ain't on the grand jury."—Ex-
change.

SCIENTIFIC.

Two plumb-lines, 4250 feet long, sus-
pended in a mine shaft, have shown
Prof. F. W. McNair a spreading of an
inch. Deflection by air currents seem-
ed the only explanation.
A bright-colored card is now supplied
as a rest and invigorator for the eyes.
An occasional glance at it is claimed
to refresh and invigorate weary eyes
in an effectual and scientific manner.
Sunlight has been believed to contain
electro-magnetic waves. A test by M.
Charles Nordmann at a height of 9570
feet has proven that the sun emits no
such waves that can traverse a wire
and affect a coherer, or that the waves
are absorbed by the sun's atmosphere
or the upper atmosphere of the earth.
The theory that a solid may be cool-
ed to absolute zero by pressure is in-
teresting at least. Brinkworth and
Martin have attempted to prove it to
be possible if heat is really due to mole-
cular motion, and suppose that com-
pression in an infinitely strong and un-
yielding cylinder would gradually force
the molecules together until they could
not move. The tremendous pressure
necessary makes the experiment im-
practicable unless at a low starting
temperature.
While greatly improving the potato,
the Germans have so increased the crop
that new ways of disposing of it have
had to be sought. They now feed about
two-fifths to farm animals, and the
alcohol makers are striving to increase
the demand for their product. So much
of the potatoes is water that 3 1/2 tons
may be reduced to one ton by drying.
The dried potatoes keep so much longer
and are so much more readily trans-
ported that those interested in the
industry feel justified in offering 30,000
marks as a prize for the best process
of drying.
The possibility of melting carbon and
maintaining it in the liquid condition
has been demonstrated by Dr. A. Lud-
wig. The heating was effected under
great pressure in the electric furnace,
and a curious phenomenon noticed at
1530 atmospheres was a very brief fail-
ure of the electric arc, the current re-
fusing to pass even when the voltage
was much increased. It is supposed
that as the carbon passed into the
liquid and transparent state, it assumed
a rare allotropic form, becoming a

non-conductor. The experiment was too
brief for a study of this condition, but
was made to include a sudden cooling
of the molten carbon by a flooding with
water of the interior of the pressure
vessel. Though minute diamonds were
recognized in the gray powder thus ob-
tained, the result was not wholly satis-
factory.
The spectrum of the aurora borealis
seems to be practically identical with
that of krypton as produced by the
electric spark. By an electrode-less
discharge in air, Prof. W. Ramsay
makes visible the leading green line of
krypton, and this is deflected in
streamers by a magnet, thus reproduc-
ing the main phenomena of the
aurora.
The rainfall variations of the nine-
teenth century have been traced by
Herr Hann from the monthly and
yearly means of Padua, Klagenfurt and
Milan. The rainfall of the driest year
was from 42 to 62 per cent of the gen-
eral mean, and that of the wettest
year was 151 to 152 per cent. There
were 34 dry years and 29 wet years. A
25-year period, corresponding to that
of Bruckner, seems to be shown, the
wet years—as recorded since 1725—hav-
ing been 1738, 1773, 1808, 1843, 1878, while
the extremes of drought were reached
in 1753, 1788, 1823, 1859 and 1893.
Submarine photography is not likely
to become a popular pastime. But it
is leading us into unknown regions, and
M. Louis Boutan, who began by inves-
tigating the animal life of the water,
has become an enthusiastic sea-bottom
camerist. He has lately published
some of his remarkable photographs of
submarine scenery. He uses a hand
camera, which is enclosed in a "tight
copper box having a plate-glass win-
dow, and is mounted on a cast-iron
tripod. Suitable mechanism is provid-
ed to expose and change the plates.
The pressure of the water, inconveniently
great even at 20 or 30 feet, was an
early difficulty, but this was counter-
acted by means of a rubber ball, hold-
ing about a gallon, from which air was
forced through a tube into the box as
the pressure increased. Light fades
rapidly in sinking below the surface,
daylight exposures being impracticable
at a depth of 25 feet. Magnesium
powder is burned in oxygen in a suit-
able glass globe, and by this power-
ful illumination instantaneous expos-
ures are made with interesting results.

BIGGEST CIGAR IN THE WORLD.

Paymaster-General Bates, of the
army, possesses the largest cigar in the
world. It is 65 inches long and as large
around as a man's arm at the thickest
section.
Its composition includes 22 classes of
Philippine tobacco. The huge cigar is
the gift of Major W. H. Conneys, of
the Pay Department, who sent it to the
Paymaster-General, with this note:
"I send you the largest cigar you
have ever seen—at least, the largest I
have ever seen. It is made of a num-
ber of the finest brands of tobacco
grown on the islands. This was manu-
factured at San Fernando do Union, in
Union Province, P. I. The case is also
a curiosity. It may be called a family
cigar, as all smoke it, and the grand-
mother is supposed to finish it or the
cigar to finish the grandmother."
Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

HOW GATES LOST MONEY.

"I am going to give up being good
natured," declared John W. Gates,
mantling his jovial face with a frown.
"When Louisville & Nashville was go-
ing up under pressure of my buying
a speculative came to me and said:
"Say Gates, I want \$5,000. I've got
a sure thing."
"All right," said I, giving him my
check.
"Next day he paid the loan, remark-
ing that he had put up the money as
margin and had cleared nearly \$2,000."
"What did you buy?" I asked.
"L. & N.," he answered, with a grin.
"Hang me, if he hadn't bought the
stock with my money, held it against
me, and made me pay two points more
for it, taking the \$2,000 right out of my
own pocket."—New York Times.

THE LAVA SHOWER.

There fell a lava shower long years
ago,
And cities sank beneath its black
embrace;
And eons passed, and men began to
sow
And reap above Pompeii's resting
place.
Thus oft, when from the heart's vol-
canic core
There fall the sifting ashes of de-
spair,
We mark the smiling haunt of dreams
no more,
Love's groves white domed with
memory's temples fair.
—John Myers O'Hara, in Munsey's.